*King*. Kinghts, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, ſhee'le not vndertake
A married life: her reaſon to her ſelfe is onely knowen,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.
*2. Knight*. May we not get acceſſe to her (my Lord?)
*King*. Faith, by no meanes, ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly
Tyed her to her chamber, that t'is impoſſible:
One twelue Moons more ſhee'le weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath ſhe vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake it.
*3. Knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues. *Exit.*
*King*. So, they are well diſpatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; ſhee tels me here,
Shee'le wed the ſtranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Miſtris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how abſolute ſhee's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: ſoft heere he comes,
I muſt diſſemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Per*. All fortune to the good *Simonides*.
*King*. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet Muſicke this laſt night:
I do proteſt, my eares were neuer better fedde
With ſuch delightfull pleaſing harmonie.
*Per*. It is your Graces pleaſure to commend,
Not my deſert.
*King*. Sir, you are Muſickes maiſter.
*Per*. The worſt of all her Schoollers (my good Lord.)
*King*. Let me aske you one thing:
What doe you thinke of my daughter ſir?
*Per*. A moſt virtuous Princeſſe.
*King*. And ſhee's faire too, is ſhe not?
*Per*. As a faire day in Sommer: wonderous faire.

*King*.



*King*. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maiſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
*Per*. I am vnworthy for her Schoole-maſter.
*King*. Shee thinkes not ſo: peruſe this writing elſe.
*Per*. What's here; a letter, that ſhe loues the knight of *Tyre*?
T'is the Kings ſubtiltie to haue my life:
Oh, ſeeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger, and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed ſo hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
*King*. Thou haſt bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a Villaine.
*Per*. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your diſpleaſure.
*King*. Traytor, thou lyeſt.
*Per*. Traytor?
*King*. I, traytor.
*Per*. Euen in his throat, vnleſſe it be the King,
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.
*king*. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
*Per*. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer reliſht of a baſe diſcent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cauſe,
And not to be a Rebell to her ſtate:
And he that otherwiſe accountes of mee,
This ſword ſhall prooue, hee's honours enimie.
*king*. No? here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſſe it.

*Enter Thaiſa.*

*Per*. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Reſolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere ſolicite, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſillable that made loue to you?
*Tha*. Why ſir, if you had, who takes offence?